

A

# Trip to Holiand,

BEING A

## DESCRIPTION

OF THE

Country, People and Manners:

As also some Select

## OBSERVATIONS

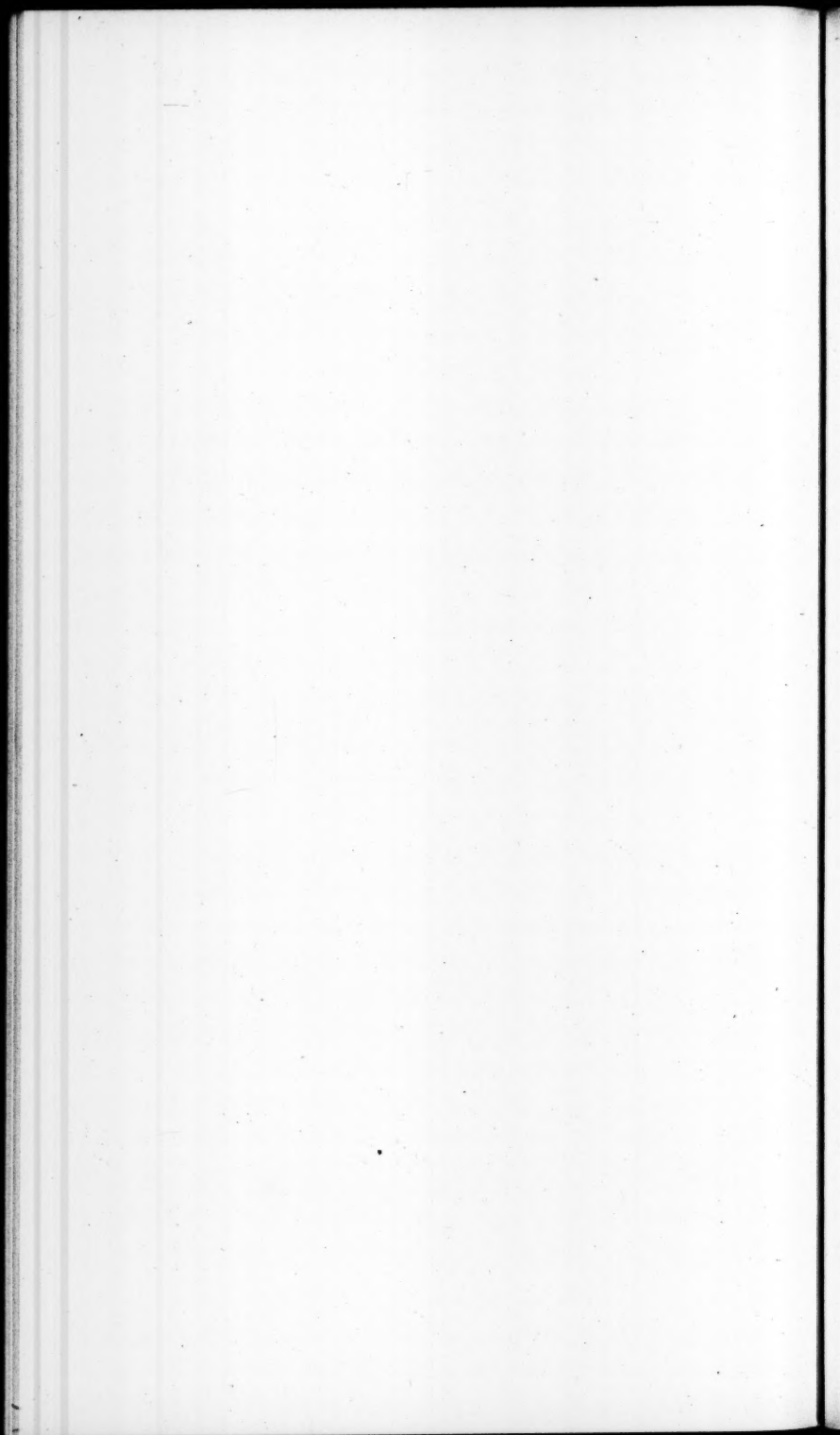
ON

## AMSTERDAM.

*His Motto Jason and the Fleece  
Who had a notable Head-piece,  
(Who tho' agross one of's would boast  
Himself a Wit, like Quixots Host  
Inlaid with brass, and for his Crest  
A ship, display'd with Back and Breast,  
On Billow Rampant with fullsails  
Ermin'd with Cod, and Herring Scales.*

Dutch Hudibras.

Printed in the Year, 1699.



---

---

# THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

**C**Extainly a Trip to Holland may be as grateful as one to Jamaica? I am sure the Dutch can furnish one with as good a Subject as any English Colony whatsoever And if I am not so Witty as the Plantation Author I am certain I am somewhat Wiser. He takes the liberty of abusing his own fellow Subjects, and consequently belhits his own Nest, but I fall upon a Nation which shits upon all the world beside, if over witting it may be called so, and I think nasty terms are fitly apply'd to such nasty People. I am afraid our West-India Poet is some transported Fellow, who being sent to the Plantation for a Venture, lit on a bad Master, and with a true New-Gate Courtisie to revenge his Spleen on one House, he squirt his Excrement against a whole Island. But no more of his Trip: it has Sold very well, and it's my business to sell mine if I can, and like a true Author Preface it heartily, or the Ignorant Puppy my Chap will never buy it. For unless a Writer now-a-days, like a Dutch Painter, sets the name under the Beast he has drawn, the Devil a bit, does the Reader know what he means; and indeed some of our modern Compositions, as our Æsops, &c. have as much occasion for a Key to let you into their meaning, as Myn Heer Van Butterbox his Picture has for a Name to be written under it. In short Gentlemen, I am resolv'd to get rid of my Commodity, which will stick upon my Hands, unless I give such an account of it as may make it Saleable. And faith right or wrong I can satisfie the Reader it shall not want my Commendation. What a Plague  
would

## *The P R E F A C E.*

would be have, if what follows won't please him? Here's a Collection of all Bartholomew-Fair in one single Dutch-man, and Fool, Knave, and Monster, is but part of the Medley of which he is Compos'd. To talk with him is present Deafness, and to deal with him is no other than to be certainly Cheated: To Eat with him is to save the charge of a Vomit, and to Lie with him is to put you in mind what occasion you have the next day for an Apothecary. For if you chance to escape the Itch, the Lice will overtake you, If you go to make application to one of their Women by knocking at her Fore-door she immediately claps her A——se, and points to the Pastern; and to offer to do any thing the right way, is immediately to be told you are in the wrong: To conclude, all things are so irregular, as to think only of order, is to forget the People we are about to treat of, and to declaim against Rebellion, is to put 'em in mind to whom they owe their Allegiance, which is a far greater sin amongst them than Rebellion it self. But that the Reader may be no longer detain'd at the Threshold, let him (if he has Money) put his hand into his Pocket and pull out Six-pence, which will admit him into the House, otherwise he is no Man for our turn, for he can't imagine that we who are about to show him the Mercenary'st Beasts in the World, will be such Asses our selves as to do it for nothing. Let the Gentlemen therefore that have a mind to see the Raree-show, down with their Money, and take their places, for we are just going to begin, whilst those who cannot produce the Ready, may march off, for we are for no such Customers.

---



## A

## Trip to Holland.

**H**AVING in the Month of *August* last past, some earnest occasions which call'd me to *Holland*, I accordingly took Coach for *Harwich*, in order to Embark. But arriving there too late for the Packet-Boat, which had set Sail some time before, I was forc'd to lay hold on an opportunity, which gave me an insight into the Manners of that Country I was going to pay a visit to. It happen'd a *Dutch Smack* was weighing Anchor for *Helvoetsluys*, and the Long-Boat staying for the Master who was drinking at a Publick-House, I was told by some Persons on the Key, that he had taken in some Passengers, and would gladly accept of my Company too. Pursuant therefore to the directions which were given me, I went up to the Sign of the *Amsterdam*, where he was drinking, and asking for him, had admission into his Company. But Lord when I had the first sight of the Beast how I was in a surprize! He had no less than half a Pint of Brandy in his hand, which he had infallibly swallow'd without any other Ceremony, had he not thought it more breeding to defer the Execution of it (for his Country manner of drinking is no other than down-right Murdering the Liquors they gorge down) till he had first saluted me. Which was a manner of complimenting which I amidst a thousand Extravagancies had hitherto been ignorant of. For being fearful of losing his Liquor should be set it down, and solicitous lest his addresses should not be tim'd soon enough, up he made towards me and hit me such a cursed slap on the Chaps with his damn'd Phiz, that tho time has worn off the mark of the blow he gave me with his intended Kiss, yet I shall always retain the memory of the stink it left behind it. He was as well acquainted in less than a minute with me as the best Friend I left behind me at the *Rose-Tavern* in *London*, and without asking me my business, after having sputter'd out a little *Dutch*, which was as much as to say, *My dear Friend here's to you*, down went the half pint at one draught, which was fill'd up to the Brim for me to do the same. But I having been us'd more to *Hippolito's* and *Chaves* his Chocoleat-House than any Distillers whatsoever, and by consequence more conversant with the *Looking-Glass*, than *Glasses* which held such distrustive Liquors to the Face in 'em, beg'd his excuse by the wry Faces I made to him for that was the only way I had to let him into my meaning, since my Friends had educated me more like a Christian than to teach me abominable *Dutch*. But the Skipper for his part answer'd me in worse Grimaces than I made him, and was so importunate with his sputterings which I understood not till a Chaplain to a Regiment during the War in *Flanders*, and who was going to fetch his Wife from thence, told me 'twas his Country fashion, and if I would be civilly us'd, and design'd to be a Passenger, submission to his temper was the only means to acquire it; and though such a reception to a Gentleman of my appearance (for I must tell you I look'd like no small Fool) might favour of rudeness, yet it was *Myn Heer's* chief accomplishment and grace, who serv'd every one after that manner, whom he had an esteem for. The Parson having acquainted me with his own resignation in drinking three

full Pints of this *Flea-killing* Medicine, I e'en forgave the Puppy his intolerable stinking Kifs, and up I top'd a Draught, which ne'er a Beau in *Court-Garden* would have submitted to but my self, and which I should have had the Grace to have refus'd, had not the urgency of my Concerns joyn'd with the entreaties of my spiritual Adviser prevail'd over me. I had no sooner dispers'd this Emblem of Hell amidst my Guts, but our Heavenly Ambassador had whip'd off his *super-naculum*, a way of drinking Customary to our Military Clergy. I immediately look'd in his Face, to see whether the vehemency of that Flood of Liquor, had drove out no Carbuncle, already enquiring for a Looking-glass, in order to mortifie those, which I did not doubt but I had encourag'd, with a Patch. But the man of the House told me in short, he had no such wry fac'd Company, who kept to his House, that should ask for any such Foppish Instrument; and I must say this in Sir *Crape's* defence; he had perform'd to a Miracle, for the Devil a bit could a Pimple be seen in his Face, it being all over but one continued Carbuncle, and one must have us'd the same means to find it out, as Astronomers do in searching for Motes in the Sun, for nothing under a Telescope could have satisfied you in your enquiry after it. But enough of the Soul-saving, but Body-destroying Parson, my business is with the Skipper, and a Plague on him, for he ply'd me so with Liquor, that all Mount *Aina* would have been but a Spark to what I had in my Guts. In short, I began very much to repent me of my journey, and could have wish'd my Friend had rather liv'd, who left me the Legacy I was going for, than I had fallen into such an execrable Society. But since I was come so far, and it could not be long before the Ship went off, I comforted my self with the short continuance of these Hellish proceedings, and endeavour'd to make the Glass stand still by telling the Master of the Vessel by my Vallet my Interpreter, that I was come to be his Passenger. He answer'd he knew that, tho' how he should, encreas'd my Wonder, since he had ply'd me so by drinking to me, that I had not time to tell him; but it seems these Skippers are such intolerable Soakers, that no body will bear the fatigue of their Conversation by Land, but those who must have their Company by Water. When Heaven's be prais'd in came the Boats-Crew, who without any Ceremony with their Hats on their Heads, sat down by their Commander, and told him all things were ready for our Departure.

Good God! What an alteration did these Fellows make in me, who could not but think my self almost in a state of Damnation before their coming! Every one was a good *Genius* to me, tho' they had all, like their ill favour'd Master, the appearance of evil ones. Four and twenty hours would compleat my deliverance, for whatever came on't I was resolv'd to make my return in an *English* Vessel. But one damn'd Ceremony was to be encountered with still, *Myn Heer* must have a Bumper to our good Voyage, and the Parson cry'd  *blessings attend the Cup*, which I agreed to, but was forc'd to go out, to ease my Stomach which was over-charg'd before. At last, tho the Liquor over came me, all obstacles were over-come too, and we got aboard; where I was Conducted into my Apartment which was like our *Little-Ease* at *Guild-Hall*, there was small fear of falling out of my Bed, for the Tenement I had taken up was *nothing else*, and less, of being made *light-headed* by the Waves, since the Brandy had discharged the weight from my Brain before: In short I fell asleep, and kept in that lazy posture till my Man came to give me notice we were in sight of *Helvoesluys*, which made me put off my close bodied Coat the Cabin, and come above Deck, from whence to my no small surprize, I saw at least two or three Hundred Boats making towards us. Every one was for making a Market of us, when for as much as I could see, all the *Passengers Equipage* besides my own, might have been landed in a *Hand-basket*. I had now nothing to do, but to ask my Blockhead, the Skipper, what he must have for my Passage, which he had like to have prevented me in, by demanding it from me, for they are as hasty for their Money, as they are for their Drink, and they'll as soon abate you a spoonful or two in your Glass, as they will *Half a Skilling* of their first demands. In fine, the Price was Seven *Pistols*, which I to get rid of his Company paid down readily, tho I knew the Exaction. Having left my Spark, whose Conversation had made me so uneasy, I made towards the Land in a pair of Oars, first bargain-

ing with the two *Sooterkins* my Boatmen for a *Ducatoon*: Indeed, they perform'd their parts like any *Water-Rats*, and put me a shore with such expedition, as one might perceive the *Love* they bare to the *Ducatoon*, by the *hast* they made to finger it. Being on the Land (if we may call a Country which is half *Water* so) the first Inn of any tolerable appearance which I met with, was the sign of the *Angel*, which I could not but admire at in a place where all the Inhabitants bear the Characters of meer Devils. Here I put in, as thinking by the sign they must be something better than *Dutchmen* that dwelt in it, but I was soon undeceiv'd by the first sight of the Master of the House, who came with his Hat on his Head, and ask'd my Business. I resolv'd him by my Man, for his Language was *Heathen Greek* to me, and being very Hungry, bespoke two or three Dishes, as *Scotch Collops*, *Fowls*, &c. Lord, Sir, crys my Servant, do you intend to be ruin'd, there are at least thirty Taxes laid on the several ingredients with which the several Sauces are to be made. However, I was resolv'd to try the Experiment, and according to his Words, found such a Reckoning, as a Candidate for a Parliament might have treated a Mayor and his whole Corporation with. Several Complements pass'd here, as distasteful as those my Skipper paid. But to detain my Reader no longer from the general Observations, I made of the whole Country, let it suffice, if I tell him I took Sledge, for they travel here in the same manner as our *Criminals* take a journey to *Tyburn* in, for the *Hague*; and having ended my Business in a day or two, I spent three Weeks in visiting the several Provinces, on which he may take the following Remarks.

They are a general *Sea Land*, the Great Bog of *Europe*; and there is not such another Marsh in the World that's flat. They are an Universal Quagmire Epitomized. A Green Cheese in Pickle. There is in them an *Equilibrium* of Mud and Water. A strong Earthquake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little amended them. They are the Ingredients of a Black Pudding, and want only stirring together. Marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more Blood than Grist: And then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs?

Says one, It affords the People one Commodity beyond all the other Regions, *If they die in Perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbours*. And for this Cause, perhaps all strange Religions strong thither, as naturally inclining towards their Center. Besides, their *itches* shew them to be *Pluto's Region*, and you all know what Part that was which the Poets did of old assign him: Here is *Stryx*, *Acheron*, *Corymbus*, and the rest of those muddy Streams that have made Matter for the Fable. Almost every one is a *Charon* here; and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want a Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear, That the *Eluzian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Country for a Despairing Lover; for every Corner affords him a Willow to make a Garland on; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may, in spite of the Sentence, live long and confident. If he had rather quench his Spirits than suffocate them, rather chuse to feed Lobsters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his Window, and he lights in a River or Sea; for most of their dwellings stand like Prives in Moted Houses, hanging still over the Water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a Winter in a House without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The Soil is all Fat, though wanting the Colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the Buttock of the World, full of Veins and Blood, but no Bones in't. Had St. *Seven* been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, Gold is a great deal more plentiful than Stones, except it be living ones; and then for their heaviness, you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular Place to Fat Monkeys in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with them. No Creatures; for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as Venomous as Rank, to gather Herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost

almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, and these the *Dragons* that did Guard them.

You may travel the Country, though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Road, without the hazard of Drowning. There is not there any use of an Harbinger. Wheresoever Men go, the Way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their Walls, *Rome* would be esteem'd a Bawble; 20 Miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where, if your Fore-man be sober, you may travel in safety, otherwise you must have stronger Faith than *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A Startling Horse endangers you to two Deaths at once, *breaking of your Neck and Drowning*.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the Water, and at the approach of your Waggon, shall shake as if it were Ague-strucken. *Duke d'Alva's* asking of the Tenth Penny, frighted it into a *Palsie*, which all the *Mountbanks* they have bred since, could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a Bridge of Swimming Earth, or a Flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the Strings crack, your course is shortned; you can neither hope for Heaven, nor fear Hell; you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry if your Faith flow *Purgatory* height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud that shall soil you.

'Tis a green Sod in Water, where, if the *German Eagle* darts to Bath himself, he's glad again to perch, that he may dry his Wings.

Some things they do that seem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary to see them fish for Fire in Water, which they catch in Nets, and transport to Land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a *Mercer* doth his *Velvet*, when he would hook in an Heir upon his coming to Age. Thus lying in a Field, you would think you saw a Cantle of Green Cheese spread over with Black Butter.

If *Aina* be Hell's Mouth, or Fore-gate, sure here's found the *Postern*. 'Tis the Port *Esquiline* of the World, where the whole Earth doth vent her crude black Gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away for Fuel, as Men with Spoons do Excrements from *Civet-Cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-Horses are all of Wood, who carry their Bridles in their Tails, and their Burdens in their Bellies. A strong Tide and a stiff Gale are the Spurs that make them speedy. When they travel, they stand still, they drink up too much of their Way.

~~This~~ is a Province amongst them, where every Woman carries a Concy in a Lamb Skin. 'Tis a Custom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her: Now guess, if you can, what Beast that is, which is clad in a Fur both of Hair and Wool.

They dress their Meat in *Aqua Calesti*; for it springs not as ours, from the Earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Israelites*, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use. So when you wash your Hands with one Hand, you need to hold your Nose with the other; for tho' it be not *Cordial*, 'tis certainly a *Strong Water*.

The Elements are here at Variance, the subtil overruling the grosser. The Fire consumes the Earth, and the Air the Water. They Burn Turfs, and Drain their Ground with Windmills; as if the *Cholick* were a Remedy for the Stone: And they would prove against *Philosophy*, the World's Conflagration to be Natural; even shewing thereby, that the very Element of Earth is Combustible.

The Land that the have, they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a Method in Mowing. 'Tis so interven'd with Water and Rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a stand, only they hold their Pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Justices would be much at ease, although our English Poor were still among them; for, whatsoever they do, they can break no Hedges. Sure had the Wife Men of *Gotham* lived here, they would have studied some other Death for the Cuckow.

Their Ditches they frame as they list, and distinguish them into Nocks, as my Lord Mayor's Cook doth his Custards. Cleanse them they do often; but it

is as Physicians give their Potions, more to catch the Fish, than cast the Mud out.

Though their Country be part of a Main Land, yet every House almost stands in an Island. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug as a Lady that hath newly lock'd up her Colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant Masquing Suit fits not more compleat than a Coat of Thatch, tho' of many years wearing.

If it stand dry, 'tis imbraced by *Vines*, as if it were against the nature of a Dutchman, not to have *Bacchus* his Neighbour. If you find it lower seated, 'tis only a close Arbour in a Plump of Willows and Alders, pleasant enough while the Dog-days last; but those past once, you must practice Wading, or be Prisoner till the next Sprink, only a hard Frost, with the help of a Sledge, may release you.

The Bridge to this, is an Outlandish Plank, with a Box of Stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the Executioner when he whips off a Head. That when the Master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his fear that renders him suspicious. That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his Door. But it may be, that is to shew your his Pedigree; for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spight of *Heraldry*) shall bear their Archiement, with a Helmet for a Baron, at least. Marry, the Field, perhaps, shall be charged with their Baskers, to shew of what Trade his Father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but Wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the House, the first thing you encounter is a *Looking-Glass*. No question but a true Emblem of Politick Hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own Figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once, it flatters the next Comer, without the least remembrance that you ever were there.

The next, are the Vessels of the House, marshall'd about the Room like Watchmen; all as neat as if you were in a Citizen's Wife's Cabinet; for, unless it be themselves, they let none of *God's Creatures* lose any thing of their Native Beauty.

Their Houses, especially in their Cities, are the best Eye beauties of their Country: for Cost and Sight they far exceed our *English*, but they want their Magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their Out-side, not in Hangings, but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnish'd with. Not a Cobler but has his Toys for Ornament. Were the Knacks of all their Houses set together there would not be such another *Bartholomew-Fair* in *Europe*.

Their Artills for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a Fat Hen in her Feathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a gret deal of Dutch by their Signs; for, what they are, they ever write under them. So by this Device, hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and those that live loosely need not fear one Punishment, which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, tho they be discovered, they shall not be Carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the Streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do Traytors to Execution.

Their Rooms are but several Sand-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Mop brought.

Their Beds are no other than Land-cabins, high enough to need a Ladder or Stairs; Up once, you are walled in with Wainscot; and that is good Discretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every Night; for once falling out, would break your Neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this Comfort you shall leave your Friends, *That you Di'd in Clean Linnen*.

Whatsoever their Estates be, their Houses must be Fair; therefore from *Amsterdam* they have banish'd Sea-coal, lest it soil their Buildings, of which the Stateliet



fort are sometimes Sententious, and in the Front carry some Conceit of the Owner; is to give you a taste in these:

*Christ's ADIVsor M.Vs.*

*Hoc abdicato perenne pereco.*

*HIC Me DIO IVS IVr.*

Every Door seems studded with Diamonds. The Nails and Hinges hold a constant Brightness, as if Rust there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their Houses they keep cleaner than their Bodies, their Bodies than their Souls. Go to one, you shall find the Andirons shut up in Net-work. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in *Italian* Cut work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown, advanced in the middle of the House; for the Woman there is the Head of the Husband, so takes the Horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the Increase on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play, as the *English*; for neither are they so generally bred to't; nor are their Men such Linnen-lifters. Idleness and Courtship has not banish'd Honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their Blood boil high, and their Veins are full, which argues strongly, that when they will, they may take up the Custom of *Entertaining Strangers*: and having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard, they trade more for Love than Money; but 'tis for Sport, not the Man; and therefore, when they like the Pastime, they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gross Fool and clownish Breeding hath spoiled them from being nably-minded. And if you once in publick discover her Private Favours, or pretend to more than is Civil, she falls off, like *Fairy*-wealth disclos'd, and turns, like Beer with Lightning, to a Sowernefs, which neither Art nor Labour can ever make sweet again.

But this I must give you on Report only; Experience herein hath neither made me Fool nor Wise.

The People are generally Boorish, yet none but may be bred to a States-Man, they having all this Gift, Not to be so Nice-Conscienced, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Country is the God they worship. War is their Heaven. Peace is their Hell: and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Custom is their Law; and their Will, Reason.

You may sooner convert a *Jew*, than make an ordinary *Dutchman* yield to Arguments that cross him. An old Bawd is easilier turn'd *Puritan*, than a Waggoner perswaded not to bait thrice in nine Miles! and when he doth, his Horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the Way, where, in a top sweat they eat their Grass, and drink Water, and presently after hurry away; for they ever drive as if they were all the Sons of *Nimshi*, and were furiously either pursuing an Enemy, or flying him.

His Spirits are generated from the English Beer, and that makes him Head-strong; His Body is built of Pickled Herring, and they render him Testy; these with a little Butrer, Onions and *Holland* Cheese, are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutchman*; which a Voyage to the *East-Indies*, with the Heat of the *Equinoctial* consolidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladed him. Viewing him Naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and Gloves, or wish him to hide his Face, that he may appear more lovely. For that and his Hands are *Egypt*, however his Body be *Europe*. He has exposed them so much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own Disguise, and without a Vizard, may serve in any *Amimasque* you put him in.

For their Condition, they are churlish, as their Breeder *Neptune*; and without doubt, very *Ancient*, for they were bred before Manners were in Fashion; yet all they have not, they account Superfluity; which they say, mends some, and marris many.

They should make good Justices; for they respect neither Persons nor Apparel. A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, shall have as much good usage as a Courtier in his Bravery; nay, more; for he that is but courtly or gentile, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmas* in the field with Crows. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images. Marry, with a Silver Hook you shall catch these *Gudgeons* presently;

sently; the love of Gain being to them as natural as Water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are seldom Deceived; for they Trust no body; so by consequence are better to hold a Fort than win it; yet can do both. Trust them you must if you travel; for to ask a Bill of Particulars, is to put in a Wasp's Nest; you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the Assessment of a Subsidy.

Compliment is an Idleness they were never trained up in; and 'tis their Happiness, that Court-Vanities have not stolen away their Minds from Business.

Their being Sailors and Soldiers, have marr'd two parts already; if they bath one in Court oyl, they are painted Trapdoors, and shall then let the Jews build a City where *Harlem Meer* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They shall abuse a Stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms, scotch one another to a Carbonado, or as they do their *Rockes* when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but Money and Liberty, yet when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you awake their Fury; and you may sooner calm the Sea, than conjure that into compass again. Their Anger hath no Eyes; their Judgment doth not flow so much from Reason, as Passion and Partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquaticks*, and therefore the *Spaniards* calls them *Water Dogs*. To this, though you need not condescend, yet withal, you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. *Sea Gulls* do not swim more readily; nor *Moor-Hens* from their Nest run sooner to the Water. Every thing is so made to swim among them as it is a Question, if *Eliens's Ax* were now floating there, it would be taken for a Miracle.

They love none but those that do for them, and when they leave off, they neglect them. They have no Friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding, Feast among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not, they hold Popish; and take it for an Argument of much Honesty, to Rail bitterly against the King of *Spain*. And certainly, this is a Badge of an ill Nature, when they have once cast off the Yoke, to be most virulent against those, to whom of right they owe Respect and Service. Grateful Dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempted from Service, will yet be paying Reverence and Affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better. But now out of dying Duty's Ashes arise the Blazes of Hostility and Flame. And 'tis sufficient Ground to condemn their eternal hate, to know the World remembers, They were once the lawful Subjects of that most Catholick Crown.

Their Shipping is the *Babel*, which they boast on for the Glory of their Nation, 'tis indeed a Wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope, they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult, where they get Mastery.

'Tis their own Chronicle-Business, which can tell you, that at the Siege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spanish*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by Assault; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the *Dutch*, in the Fury of the Slaughter, rip't up a Captain's Body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living Heart, panting among the reeking Bowels, then with his Teeth rent it; still warm with Blood, into Gobbets, which he spit over the Battlements in Defiance to the rest of the Army.

Their Natives are the Whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them so active for the Land, as some others; but at Sea they are Water-Devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all, than save some, while others perish; but single they will flag and fear, like Birds in a Bush, when the *Sparrowhawk's* Bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best Remedy is to steal away: But if they come to Blows, they want the valiant Stoutness of the English, who will rather expire bravely in a bold Resistance, than yield to the lasting Slavery of becoming Captives to so barbarous an Enemy. And this shews, they have not learned yet even Pagan Philosophy,

which

which ever prefer an honourable Death before a Life thrawl'd to perpetual Slavery.

Their Ships lie like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them on the North side, you freeze without hope; for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as Beggars with us. They can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lowsie a like; but examining their use, a Mess of their Knaves are worth a Million of ours; for they in a hoisterous rudeness can work, and live and toil; whereas ours will rather laze themselves to Poverty, and like Cabbages left out in Winter, rot away in the loathsomeness of a nauseous Sloath.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs, can live both on Land and Water. Not a Country-Vrister but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for Sleep than a Bed. Being full of Humours, that is her Cradle, which lulls and rocks her to a dull Phlegmatickness, most of them looking like full grown Oysters boild. Slime, humid Air, Water, and wet Diet, have so bag'd their Checks, that some would take their Paunches to be gotten above their Chin.

The Country's Government is a Democracy, and there had need be many to rule such a Rabble of rude Ones. Tell them of a King; and they could cut your Throat in earnest. The very Name carries Servitude in it, and they hate it more than a few doth Images, a Woman Old Age, or a Nonconformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by Inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Country to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for their Counties; not for their sin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withal; which they so over-affect, that *Myn Heer* shall walk the Streets as Uffersers to go to Bawdy-houses, all alone and melancholly. And if they may be had cheap, he will dawb his faced Cloak with Two-pennyworth of picked Herrings, which himself shall carry home in a String. A Common Voice has given him Pre-eminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was but a *Boor*. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more Civility.

Their Justice is strict, if it cross not Policy; but rather than hinder Traffick, tolerates any thing.

There is not under Heaven such a Den of several Serpents as *Amsterdam* is; you may be what Devil you will, so you push not the State with your Horns.

'Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like Stocks in a Nursery) without either Order or Pruning. If you be unfetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a Pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church to themselves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlars of Religion have leave to vent their Toys, their Ribbons, and Phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romists* stick upon them; for say they, as the *Chamaelon* changes into all Colours but White; so they admit of all Religions but the true; for a *Papist* only may not exercise his in Publick: Yet, his Restraint, they plead, is not in Hatred; but Justice, because the *Spaniards* abridges the *Protestants*. And they had rather shew a little Spleen, than not cry quit with their Enemy. His Act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this Reason, rather than the *Dunkirkers* they take shall not Die, *Amsterdams* having none of their own. shall borrow a Hang-Man from *Harlem*.

Now, albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless Toleration, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven it self; and had rather cross upon God than it. For, whosoever disturbs the Civil Government, is liable to Punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by professing what False Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old, brought all the straggling Gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition paid an Adoration to them.



In their Families they are all Equals; and you have no way to know the Master and Mistress, but by taking them in Bed together: it may be those are they, otherwise *Atalky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistress.

Had *Legicians* lived here at first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives: they are here Individuals; for no Demonstration of Duty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your Mother, bidding her *Good Night*, and Killing her, is punctual Blessings.

Your Man shall be Sawcy, and you must not Strike; if you do, he shall complain to the *Scour*, and perhaps have Recompence. 'Tis a dainty place to please Boys in, for your Father shall bargain with your Schoolmaster, not to Whip you, if he doth, he shall Revenge it with his Knife, and have Law for it.

Their Apparel is Civil enough, and Good enough, but very uncemely, and has usually more stuff than shape. Only their *Huikes* are commodious in Winter: but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not Wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good Faces, if they did not marr them with making. Their *Ear-myers* have so nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think some Fairy to do them a mischief, had pinch'd them behind with Tongues. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their Wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more Fore-head than Face.

They love the *English* Gentry well; and when Soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in choosing of their Guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his Hostess.

Men and Women are there starched so blue, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the Neck in a Barrel of *Indigo*: And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more Blewing.

A Man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he incline to the Sea fashion; and then are his Breeches yawning at the Knees, as if they were about to swallow his Legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going Naked; for of a whole Woman, you can see but half a Face. As for her Hand, that shews her a fore Labourer; which you shall ever find, as it were in Recompence, loaded with Rings, to the cracking of her Fingers. If you look lower, she's a *Monkey*, cham'd about the middle; and had rather want it in Diet, than not have Silver Links to hang her Keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies, but they make em shew so unhand-some that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their Commendation, their Smocks are ever whiter than their Skin.

Where the Woman lies in, the Ringle of the door does Pennance, and is lapped about with Linnen, either to shew you that loud knocking may waken the Child, or else for a Month the Ring is not to be run at. But if the Child be dead, there is thrust out a Nolegay, tied to a Stick's end, perhaps for an Emblem of the Life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that tho' these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock, the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I assure you, with them it is a great deal more following the Fashion, which they will plead for as the Ignorant Laity for their Faith; they will keep it, because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old Fault, tho' they discover Errors in it, than in an easie Change to meet a certain Remedy.

For their Diet, they eat much, and spend little: when they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live three months on the Offals, which we hear fear would surfeit our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

In these Houses, Roots and Stockfish are Staple Commodities. If they make a Feast, and add Flesh, they have Art to keep it hot more days than a *Pigs-head* in *Pye-corner*. Salt meats and sower Cream they hold him a Fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar; and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sower, that they may sweeten it again; as if a Woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a Scolding fit she comes by a man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful ; and herein Practice hath made them Cooks, as good as e're *Lucullus* his latter Kitchen had, which is & me Receivance for their Willfulness ; for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a Feast they come readily, but being set once, you must have Patience. They are longer Eating *Meat*, than we are preparing it. If it be to Supper, you conclude timely when you get away by Day-break. They drink down the Evening Star, and drink up the morning Star. At those times it goes hard with a Stranger ; all in Courtisie will be drinking to him ; and all that do so he must pledge ; till he doth, the fill'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied. For tho' they give you a day for payment, yet they will not abate the Sum. They sit not there as we in *England*, Men together, and Women first ; but ever intermingled, with a *Man* between : and instead of *Marchpanes*, and such Juncates, 'tis Good manners if any be there, to carry away a piece of *Apple-pye* in your Pocket.

The time they spend there is in eating well, in drinking much and prating most. They sip, and laugh, and tell their Tales, and in a Tavern are more Prodigious of their Time than their Wine. They drink as if they were short winded, and as it were eat their drink by morsels, rather besieging their brains than assaulting them.

In short, to come to a Conclusion, what they do is so far from being like other mens actions, that they are wholly the reverse of Humanity, as they are the backside of the whole World. And the men of Old did no more wonder, that the Great *Messias* was born in so poor a Town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, than I do wonder that so brave a Prince as King *William* should be born in such a Land of beasts, as *Lowic Holland*.

## Of AMSTERDAM.

As *Amsterdam* is the Metropolis of the seven Wicked Provinces, so it is the chief in respect of the many Vices which have taken Sanctuary in it. To call a man an *Amsterdamer*, is as much as to say, he is no Christian, and to tell the place of his Nativity, is enough to ingratiate himself with the most persecuting *Dioclesian*. The King of *Japan* being a great Enemy to Christianity, would permit none that profess'd our Saviour's Doctrine, to Traffick with his Subjects without a previous Oath, that they would not exercise their Religion during their continuance in his Dominions ; several Nations, amongst the rest, the *English* refus'd to comply with proposals so dishonourable to themselves and the Holy Religion they were instructed in : But the *Dutch* from this place being resolv'd to have something to Pamper their Bodies which though they damn'd their Souls for it, send instructions for their two Heathenish Deputies to sign whatever should be demanded of 'em. Accordingly the two Raskals, instead of owing themselves Christians, sign'd the Agreement by the name of *Hollanders*, which has ever since been a current Name with those of *Japan* for a downright fellow  
subject

Subject, and Infidel. This stands upon Record, and they have Worm'd out all other Nations from that Country's Traffick by it.

As to its Situation the Inhabitants call it the *Land of Canaan*, though instead of flowing with *Milk and Honey* it overflows, with nothing but *Water*. The Heavenly Showers which add to the Fertility of other soils, takes from the fruitfulness of this, and God Almighty has punished 'em with *Water* in this life, since they are to have another Element to torture 'em in the next.

However, tho' it be not the Land of *Canaan*, its certainly a Land of *Promise*; but if you look for Performances, or an *Israelite* in it without guile, you may chance to be never the near to your Journey's end.

As its Riches comes by its Shipping, to the Foundation of all its building, is laid upon huge Piles of *Masts*, and that which makes their floating houses move, is the only thing which renders those that are fix'd on Land without motion.

And though if a good strong Tide would but bring their *Masts* by the board (as they call it) there would be no occasion for a Wind to drive 'em to Sea, I'll warrant 'em.

Every Private house here looks like an Ale-house and is painted with Green Red, and White, and they are so sensible of their Country Villanies, that every Window has its Iron Grates, like our Jays, in order to keep the Felon its owner out of harms way.

An eminent Surgeon who lives there, told me, That for the space of three years last past, notwithstanding the frequent Quarrels which happen'd among 'em: He had none under his hands but such as were wounded in the back; and if a man was but so fortunate as to get a scotch in the forehead, &c. he was immediately made an Officer in the Militia.

They are as dextrous in flying from a Foe, as they are in the pursuit of Riches, and they hate the *French Religion*, because the *Te Deum* is in it, which they have been so fortunate as to make use of against 'em.

To go into one of their Churches, is to catch cold, for there are so few People in 'em that their breath can never warm you: But their Bawdy-houses are so crowded that half an hours staying there would save you the charge of a Bagnio.

They love all pictures but that of the King of *Spain*, and if any one is desirous to end his days, the most Expeditious way to effect it, is to hang up his head at his Sign-Post.

Their Stadt-house, which is the most famous piece of building in the whole Province, would be very fine were it not for the pitiful entrance into it, as indeed their buildings in general, were it not for the nasty Inhabitants.

If you talk with one of their Preachers about Religion, he diverts you to Trade, and still thinks himself upon his first Topick, which is the only truth he is Guilty of, for though they differ in Name, they are the same in Substance.

The King of *England* has a Consul here, who makes some small Figure, and sits in an eminent Pew in the *English Church*, where there is sorry Preaching, a dull and tedious Sermon; about an hour and three quarters long, and a few Auditors, all Presbyterians. The *Chancel* is let out for a *Joyner's Shop*, because they hate any thing that has the appearance of Popery in it.

The *De Witts* were born here, those noted Enemies of his present Majesty of Great Britain, and there are yet some of that Faction in this City, for which the *English* owe 'em no great Thanks, and the Remembrance of *Amboyna*, and those horrid cruelties perpetrated on us there, may make us more cautious in our dealings with 'em for the future.

They have publick Stews or Brothel-houses erected at the charge of the publick, and to see a Magistrate come to receive the Taxes laid on that which distinguish the Female Sex, is as common as to see a Burgo-Master with a Rope of Onions in his hand, or a Judge shouldring a Bunch of Turnips.

But I am so weary of this abominable Town, the Description of which must have tyrd the Reader, as well as my self, that I shall have said all when I have told him;

Their Religion, I mean the chief of the many which are tolerated there, is rank *Calvinism*, their Manners downright Brutishness, their Dealings perfiest Knavery, their City a Den of Thieves, their Exchange their Church, and their

their Church a wide covert place to take the Air in, their buildings without Gates, their Hospitals without Wounded People, their crimes without Punishment, their Assurances without Honesty, and their Heads without Brains. And so much for *Amsterdam*, whose Sluces I wish opened, that the City might set sail, to some Country more remote than at present that cursed place is in.

Which Heaven permit, if pitting Heaven can hear  
 What ills we suffer, and what wrongs we bear.  
 To be care's'd, defrauded, and betray'd,  
 Promis'd their *Friendship*, tho' refus'd their *Aid*,  
 Disgrac'd abroad, and fawn'd upon at home,  
 Is every Neighbouring Nations common doom.

But thou, O Land of *Europe's* Realms the chief,  
 The *Guard* of Empires, and the World's Relief,  
 Whose hands have rais'd 'em, and whose Arms have Bless'd  
 Their States to HIGH AND MIGHTY from DISTRESS'D.  
*BRITANNIA*, Thou! ah! Thou canst chiefly show  
 Their guilt unmeasur'd as is now thy woe:  
 And in thy Sons from thy embraces torn  
 Behold their *Friendship*, and beholding mourn,  
 Whilst in *Amboyna's* cruelties are shown,  
 Crimes now their practice as not then unknown.  
 Instructions from thy former harms receive,  
 How far to trust 'em, and how far believe,  
 Interest will shorten what they promise long,  
 When ne'er to trust is ne'er to suffer wrong.

And it the wishes of thy Son may join  
 With those which either are, or should be *Thine*,  
 May'st Thou once more Thy Antient rights regain,  
*Empress* at Land, and *Mistress* of the Main:  
 No Fleets but *Thine* amidst the Ocean ride,  
 Thy Neighbour's Terror, and thy Countries Pride;  
 Whilst injur'd Kings petition for thy Aid,  
 And Thou thy own support, art that of Others Made.